The BOTTOM of the denial

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The BOTTOM of the denial

by Grumpy_Dragon_13

Summary

Steve shakes his head and goes out of the office, he glances at the screen on the wall and then he looks at Danny because his eyes always stray towards his partner. Danny's bend over their screen table, his grey slacks stretching over his backside. Steve has to pause for a moment, he blinks his eyes and looks up again at the screen but not before he thinks 'huh.'

Notes

Special thanks to wonderful missmeagan666 who checked this little fic and helped with the mistakes.

Thank you :)

See the end of the work for more notes

They're closing the case, their perp of the day securely locked up in an HPD car, hands cuffed and face twisted in a scowl. Danny rants about proper police procedure, and Steve rolls his eyes at him which quickly escalates into an argument. Kono smiles at them from where she's standing talking to an HPD officer, a young man who's obviously checking her out but she's absolutely oblivious to it.

Chin glances at them and shakes his head in amusement and Steve can't help himself and grins.

"What the hell you're grinning about?" Danny shouts hands are flying in a whirl of motion and Steve takes a precautious step back, not to be hit by accident, he opens his mouth to reply, but Danny holds his hand before his face, "you know what? I don't want to know."

Steve smiles and Danny pulls a face at him, promptly turning on his heel and going up to Chin who's going through something on his tablet; Steve can see from his point of view that something is not right because Chin furrows his brows in consternation. Danny asks something, and Chin shows him his tablet, Danny groans and turns to him, "McGarrett! Come here. Torres had an accomplice!"

Steve answers with a groan of his own because he hoped the case would be finished quickly,

Catherine was on the island for the day, and Steve wanted to catch up, but apparently, he was out of luck.

Later that day, Steve calls her while Chin and Danny go through evidence on the screen table. He tells her that he won't be able to make it, that the case's still going on and she tells him he'll have to make up to her some other time, he agrees, and that's it.

He looks out of his office, Danny's gesticulating wildly while Chin laughs and Steve smiles at the sight.

He came to treat them as a family, his Ohana. He glances at Danny, how he changed in such small amount of time. Steve heard about Danny's time in HPD, and the attitude of the people there pissed Steve off because Danny's a great detective and he didn't deserve the hard time they're giving him, albeit he can somewhat understand since Danny was well… Danny. Short temper, quick snarky comebacks and really when Steve first met detective Danny Williams he was too preoccupied seeking the murderer of his father to notice anything more than his partner loud-mouthed, hand animated and larger than life attitude.

Once Hesse was out of the picture, Danny stayed and eventually Five-0 came to life which was okay with Steve even if he initially refused to lead any kind of task force for the Governor but then Danny happened.

And Danny, Danny was a force to be reckoned with, even if he was tiny but packed a mean right hook. The bruise on Steve's jaw stayed there for a long time when he made a mistake of pointing out Danny's height.

Danny was a marvel, continually challenging Steve and deep down Steve liked the challenge even if it irritated him more often than not, but Steve also knew that Danny has a kind heart is loyal to a fault and is the best dad in the whole wide world. He was sucked up into a whirlwind that was Danny Williams without noticing before it was too late.

And it was just so easy, the bickering, shouting matches and touching. Hand on the arm, elbow, back and before he noticed they touched constantly and it became as easy as breathing.

Natural.

The shift in their relationship was barely noticeable, for them at least.

Somewhere along the way, they become friends, best friends even.

Steve shakes his head and goes out of the office, he glances at the screen on the wall and then he looks at Danny because his eyes always stray towards his partner. Danny's bend over their screen table, his grey slacks stretching over his backside. Steve has to pause for a moment, he blinks his eyes and looks up again at the screen but not before he thinks 'huh.'

~~*~~

"What the hell is wrong with you?!" Danny shouts, and Steve tries not to roll his eyes, he really *tries*.

"Don't you roll your eyes at me Steven McGarrett! You think I don't know what you're doing?" Steve grins, "mhm, Danno."

Kono snorts, trying to stifle her laugh but to no avail. Danny whirls, pointing a finger at her, his hair a mess and brows furrowed. "And you! You should stop taking an example from this Neanderthal!" Kono shakes with laughter now, and Chin cracks a smile at that, too.

"Yes, mom." She says, and Danny throws his hands in the air in a show of how much he's done with them.

Steve shakes his head at his partner antics, Danny rants some more, and then he leans on the container hiding his head in the crook of his elbow murmuring something that Steve identifies as 'unbelievable.'

Steve's eyes follow the nice arch of his back until they stop on his bottom for a second before going up again. He steps closer to the blonde and clasps his hand on Danny's arm.

Danny glances at him and groans promptly hitting his head on the container. "Stop grinning. You damn loon!" He hisses, and Steve laughs.

"Book 'em Danno!"

"I hate you."

Steve grins some more.

~~*~~

“Can you tell us something more about your brother?” Steve asks the woman before him.

She fidgets nervously, and Steve follows the movement, she knows something he’s sure of it. She shakes her head glancing over her shoulder when she hears steps behind her. Steve looks from her to his partner who comes into the room grinning like a cat that caught the canary and Steve stares at the stretch of his lips and tries to stop a grin of his own.

“Look what we have here,” Danny says waving the phone, probably a burner, and flipping it open.

He goes right up to the woman ignoring her personal bubble and almost shoves the phone in her face. He puts one of his hand into the pocket of his pants, the material smoothing out and Steve glances down for a second.

That’s when the woman starts running.

Why are they always running?

~~*~~

Danny’s bent over the screen table again, when Kono comes into the office.

“Hey, boss! Hi Danny.” She chirps happily, Steve waves at her and Danny looks over his shoulder to nod at her before going back to what he was watching on the screen.

He leans his weight some more on the table and Steve catches Kono looking at Danny’s ass, he furrows his brows at her and when she catches him looking at her she shrugs and makes a face that Steve identifies as ‘can you blame me?’

After that he catches her few more times staring at Danny’s bottom and what’s even weirder he even catches Chin looking once or twice.

Steve glances at Danny, frowns and then sighs because to be quite honest he can’t really blame them for a little bit of ogling.

~~*~~

“Keep your dog on a leash!” The thug screams and Steve’s ready to punch him again but the hand on his chest stops him in his track, he looks at Danny who gives him a warning look and Steve grits his teeth but eventually steps down.

“Believe me I tried, but I came to a painful realization that you can’t put a leash on a ninja Navy SEAL. He would just break free to cause more mayhem to unsuspecting bystanders and making my life a living hell with piles upon piles of paperwork because apparently, he can leap over buildings and dive from planes but he can’t properly fill a report to save his life. He’s a menace, and a control freak besides you deserved this.”

The perp looks perplexed at Danny's rant full of gestures and full body talk which Steve came to appreciate, it was kind of endearing when someone Danny's size was so full of energy. Once Danny done talking he goes up to Steve's face and points a finger at his chest. "Don't think you're off the hook, Steve!"

Steve would snarl at Danny or something, but he's too occupied looking at the perp who's staring at Danny's bottom. Danny shakes with energy, babbling about this or that and the guy follows the movement humming appreciatively.

Danny steps to the side shaking his head, "you're a lost cause, McGarrett."

The thug leers at Danny and Steve steps around his partner and knocks the guy out with a hard left jab.

"Steve! What the hell is the matter with you!" Danny's shouts, his tone full of indignation. He tries to take Steve away from the perp.

Steve grins a little crazily, looking at the face Danny makes at him.

He feels much better now.

~~*~~

So Danny Williams has a pretty nice ass, but Steve acknowledged that fact entirely one day when his team went for drinks to some bar Kono excitedly picked up, roping them into going after successfully closing a case; it didn't hurt that it was Friday night, too.

Danny for once forgone his work attire and Steve suspects Kono and life treats and possibly castration; their rookie could be pretty scary sometimes, but he came to know that the whole Kalakaua clan is not who you could call precisely normal.

So Steve had to do a double take when Danny finally showed up with Kono in tow. She was grinning like a madman, clearly pleased with herself for some reason and Danny looked like someone kicked his puppy which was kind of hilarious actually.

Steve probably stared a little too long because Danny fidgets before sitting down, he gives him a warning look and grits out, "Don't."

Steve hides his smile behind the neck of the beer bottle he's holding looking Danny up and down. He has a black Henley and jeans, *ripped jeans*, of all things, that seemed like they're painted on.

Chin, once he comes back from the bathroom, takes one look at Danny raises his brow and smiles at Danny's pout.

"It suits you, brah."

Danny splutters, and Kono laughs patting him on the back.

The real revelation comes when Danny goes to the bar for more drinks, and Steve's coming back from the bathroom. He passes by three guys already buzzed from the alcohol when he stops dead in his track.

"Well, that's one hell of a nice ass." One of them says, a redhead in a Hawaiian shirt and Steve follows his line of sight only to open his mouth because he expected some pretty girl in a skimpy outfit but instead is welcomed by the view of the only one person currently occupying the bar who also happens to be Danny. He's leaning on the counter while his jeans nicely stretch over his ass. Steve stares and then stares some more, and it hits him like a ton of bricks that his partner really has one hell of a shapely ass, perky and perfectly squeezable.

The other guy, brunet in a ridiculous shirt, glances and takes a double take whistling lowly. "I'm not into guys, but that ass is really something."

Danny laughs at something the bartender said stepping from leg to leg and the guy follows the movement with a predatory glint in his eye. The third one, tall and packed hums appreciatively sipping his drink, something green with pineapple and tiny umbrella tucked to the side of the glass.

Something big and ugly boils in Steve's gut and when the redhead stands up Steve's attention snaps to him in an instant.

"I'm going to get up close and personal with that ass." He slurs a bit, clearly the alcohol doing its work already. His two friends cheer him on, whistling and clapping him on the back. Then the brunette gulps his drink down and says that he should bring him over and share.

Share.

It makes Steve move before he can think what the hell he's doing.

He comes up to Danny and puts his hand on Danny's lower back, with more force than he tried for, it warrants him a slight jump, the muscle under his palm contracting and tensing, Steve feels something hot flare in his stomach, but he ignores it. Danny whirls at him catching his wrist, face in a snarl before he registers that Steve's the one with his hand on his back and not some stranger going after his virtue or something.

"What the hell are you doing you Neanderthal?! Take your hand off…" Danny stops his rant and looks closer, "why do you have aneurysm face on?" He let's go of Steve's wrist and peers at him suspiciously.

Steve grunts something about drinks and the game of pool Danny promised him. Danny huffs at him, "bring it on. You're going down, and even your super, secret ninja SEAL techniques won't help you this time. Because let me tell you something. I'm good at pool and when I say good I mean really, really good." He almost purrs, and Steve looks down at the smirk Danny's wearing on his face, his eyes crinkling with confidence and mischievousness. He gulps because Danny looks strangely attractive like this, confident and comfortable and warm under his palm.

Steve steers him between the tables to the pool table standing on the far end of the bar. Danny goes without protest talking with his hands and almost shaking with excitement under Steve's hand which he apparently completely forgot about. Steve feels some kind of satisfaction at that.

Danny wasn't kidding about the game though because once it was his turn, he cleaned the whole table without breaking a sweat. Steve let it go since he had an eyeful of Danny's ass and damn but it really was fantastically shaped.

He didn't notice Kono's curious glance and Chin's contemplative turn of the head.

~~*~~

Since then their casual touching expanded to Steve's hand on Danny's lower back whenever the chance arose, and Danny didn't even blink at that. The whole thing was utterly unconscious on their part.

Life went on. He and Catherine were on and off, and Steve didn't pay much attention to things.

"I'm saying you that's a completely horrible idea! I know you're not capable of taking and doing things normally like the rest of us sane people do, but you could at least consider doing it the way it supposed to be done and not going straight to the crazy ideas your head is full of!"

The HPD officer glances at them from his notebook writing down the testimony of one of the witnesses.

Steve's sighs and puts his hand on Danny's lower back, and takes him to where Chin and Kono are looking at the evidence scattered around.

Danny's back feels hot under his palm.

~~*~~

Danny's angry and shouting at the guy in their custody, a suspect, their only lead to the people who kidnapped two little girls, twins, and something violent twist in Steve's stomach at the man face.

The man, Chavos, leers at Danny's and licks his lips. "Maybe I'll say something if you'll blow me, *cop*."

Steve's sees red for a second then he catches Danny shout of outrage before his partner slams the guy's face into the wall. "Where are they, you sick fuck?!" The man laughs, ugly and wet from the split lip.

Steve's comes up to Danny, curls his hand on his hip and takes Danny out of the room.

Danny's breathing hard, he's trembling, and Steve curls his hand more firmly trying to anchor him.

“Steve they’re only six and this bastard…”

“I know. I’ll take care of that I promise, Danny.” Steve says, and Danny looks at him, his eyes weary, the skin around them tight with worry and exhaustion and Steve knows what Danny thinks. He thinks about Grace, and the thought that Gracie could be put through something like this boils Steve’s blood, too.

He uncurls his fingers from Danny’s hip, his hand going to rest for a second on his lower back before it travels up his spine and ends on his shoulder. He squeezes it reassuringly, and Danny gives him a weak smile.

When he goes into their interrogation room, the man sits on the floor grinning like a maniac, the blood on his face only enhancing the sight of madness Steve faces.

“Having trouble keeping your bitch in line?”

Steve growls, and when he goes out of the room one hour later, he has the information he needs, while the guy is curled in the far corner of the room, his throat parched from screaming.

They find the girls two hours later, terrified and crying but mostly unharmed.

Steve watches how Danny calms them down and hugs them, how they cling to him like a lifeline and Steve marvels when this man came to mean so much to him.

The way Danny took care of the small girls before their parents arrived warmed Steve’s heart.

When he comes to Danny after their action is wrapped up more or less, he curls his hand on Danny’s hip and brings him closer. Danny goes willingly, hiding his head in Steve’s shoulder and letting out a shaky breath.

“I’ve got you,” Steve says, and Danny relaxes.

“I know.”

~~*~~

They are at a fundraiser, he finishes talking with the Governor and scans the room until he finds Danny talking to some woman. He looks great in his suit, tie forgone and instead showing off the hollow of his throat, Steve glances down and smiles appreciatively at how nicely the slacks are hugging Danny’s ass. The woman is a gorgeous one, and Steve smirks because apparently someone will get laid tonight, but then he catches how uncomfortable Danny is and when the woman squeezes his upper arm licking her lips, Steve’s storming up to them.

He puts his hand on Danny’s lower back and slides it down to curl his fingers on his hip. Danny leans into the touch, and Steve grins at the woman, full of teeth and danger.

“I’m sorry, but I want to introduce my partner to some people.”

The woman opens her mouth to say something, but he takes Danny with him before any words have a chance to fall from her lips.

~~*~~

He talks with Catherine just outside HQ, he hugs her and whispers sweet nothings into her ear, she's going back to the base, and that means they won't see each other for a while.

Danny drives up to them; he steps out of the Camaro one hand closing the door and the other one balancing a plate with four coffees in it.

He smiles at them and Steve waves him to come closer.

Danny walks up to them his hips swinging from side to side and Steve is transfixed by the easy swagger in Danny's step.

"Hey, Catherine." Danny greets her, and she smiles at him in return.

Once he's close enough, Danny takes one of the coffees and gives it to Steve. "Here you go, babe."

Steve grins and curls his hand around Danny's hip when the blond stands by his side. He raises his brow at Catherine's face; her eyebrows furrowed something flickering through her eyes, that Steve can't quite decipher.

She looks down at Steve's hand, she opens her mouth, but then Chin rides up on his bike saying that they have a case.

So they say their goodbyes and drive to the crime scene.

Steve doesn't think about the face Cath made when she saw his hand on Danny's hip. He's not sure what that was about. He glances at Danny and shrugs, no point in thinking about Catherine behavior.

He and Danny were friends, and it was normal they touched. Simple as that.

~~*~~

Not long after that Catherine broke things off with him for good, he feels heartbroken but recovered pretty quickly, quicker than he thought he would.

He focused on ongoing cases, Danny a constant by his side and things were much easier when he was around.

~~*~~

One day when they played a football game and won Steve runs up to Danny who's laughing, hands on his knees, football lying by his feet just behind the touchdown line, and he looks vibrant with happiness which makes Steve even happier.

“We won!” He shouts, and Danny laughs before he lets out a significant squeak when Steve tackles him.

They bicker for a minute or two, and when Danny turns, Steve slaps his ass.

Danny looks incredulously at him, and Steve grins again, “we won.” He says softly, happily and Danny's eyes soften in return. “We did.”

So Steve slaps his ass again because he can’t help himself and laughs at the outraged, “you Neanderthal animal!”

“Oh, I can be animal alright.” He says, tone lower than usual, and Danny gawks at him.

Steve laughs the rest of the way home.

He feels happy.

~~*~~

People give them weird looks when Steve slaps Danny on the ass or when he curls his fingers securely on his partner waist or hip.

He doesn’t understand what their deal is.

“So how long the two of you have been married?” Some older woman asks them, and Steve snorts because they get this question a lot.

Danny shrugs, rolling his eyes. “We’re not.”

The woman nods her head, and Steve’s patience wears thin.

“Ah, lovers then.”

Steve squints at her. “We’re not that kind of partners.” He says seriously, and Danny nods his head vehemently.

The woman looks skeptical. “Right.”

Steve doesn’t understand people at all.

~~*~~

Maybe if he looked closer, analyzed his relationship with Danny he would eventually conclude that perhaps the way they treated each other wasn’t exactly what friends normally did. He felt comfortable in his presence and marveled what did he do to deserve such loyal friend who was ready to risk his own life to come and save Steve whenever he needed him.

Sometimes though he felt a bit confused when Danny smiled at him or leaned closer and Steve caught a whiff of Danny’s cologne. He didn’t like when people leered at Danny, and he wasn’t sure why.

The shift in their relationship was going unnoticed by them but not others.

Steve treated the touching and closeness as easy camaraderie between two friends.

One day when they're bickering about relationships, love, girlfriends or lack of thereof Kono walks by them straight to the exit, but she stops and looks at them sighing heavily. There's amusement in her eyes. She looks at Steve's hand on Danny's bicep and the way Danny stands close to him and calls them 'oblivious idiots.'

She smiles at them her dimples showing before leaving complete silence in her wake.

They go home soon after because there are beers in his fridge and there's game on TV later.

They don't talk about it. They don't have to.

~~*~~

They're working on a case, trying to find a drug dealer, who is a slippery bastard because every time they almost get him he weasels his way out.

They're standing in a parking lot trying to decide which way they should go, Danny gesticulating wildly as per usual when Steve notices a motorbike. He doesn't think when he reaches for Danny, going on instincts alone. He catches his hips, lower than usual, fingers touching his ass, and draws Danny flush to him, he's not ready for the hot explosion going off in his lower stomach at the proximity. Danny stills for about two seconds before he starts shouting obscenities at the biker, he rants about the bikes and the hazard they present to innocent people.

They catch the dealer eventually, but Steve has a problem forgetting the way Danny's felt against him.

~~*~~

Danny's shot in the thigh, fire licking at their skin and blood thrumming in their ears. Steve tries to smother the panic he feels when Danny goes down. He shoots the man that got Danny and runs up to his partner who's clutching his leg, trying to stand up.

The fire spreads around them, it's unbearably hot, and the smoke starts to descent. He rips a patch off his shirt and ties it around Danny's leg to stop the bleeding and promptly takes Danny's arm and draws him closer before he stands up, taking Danny in a fireman's carry.

"I'm not a sack of potatoes you damn caveman!" Danny shouts squirming and wiggling, so Steve does the only reasonable thing to do and puts his right hand on Danny's ass and squeezes which works because Danny stops moving.

"Steven! Where do you think you're putting your hand, you Neanderthal! Put me down you animal!"

"Shut up." He says without any heat in it, they have enough of it around them and squeezes his hand on Danny's ass when a part of the ceiling decided to fall down. Danny shuts his

mouth after that, and that's pretty much it.

So that's how occasional squeeze found its way into their routine.

~~*~~

It's Thursday and Steve's sitting in his chair gnawing at a pencil and watching Danny on his knees trying to gather the toys, Charlie left in his wake. His pants are deliciously stretched over his butt, and it's perhaps the first time that Steve admits to himself that he probably is obsessed with his partner ass.

The revelation hits him like a freight train, but he can't find any strength in himself to fight it.

Then there's a case, and he doesn't have time to think about it at all.

~~*~~

They're trailing their suspect, Chin's and Kono's voices in their earpieces giving instructions to them.

Danny once again wears the ripped jeans, and a t-shirt and Steve can't quite take his eyes off him.

They're supposed to look unsuspicious, but he's not sure if they're managing.

"I feel ridiculous." Danny grumbles and Steve follows the way his waist moves when he's walking.

"You look fine, babe."

Danny snorts.

"Stop flirting and focus on our suspect." Kono soft whisper sounds like thunder in their earpieces.

Danny rolls his eyes and Steve laughs which is probably the wrong thing to do because their perp turns around, a suspicious scowl on his face and Steve's heart jumps in sudden adrenaline rush when he catches Danny's elbow and throws him into a nearby wall.

Danny flails a bit, "What the hell?!"

Steve gives him a look, and Danny shuts up but not before trying to step away from the wall. Steve steps closer, taking two handfuls of Danny's ass to keep him in place, he's not ready for the moan that escapes his partner's mouth. He's so shocked that his brain short-circuits for a moment. He glances down at Danny's lips and squeezes again, and when Danny flushes and trembles against him, Steve let's out a shaky breath. It's the moment Steve concluded that maybe their behavior wasn't exactly friend approved.

Danny hisses at him, and Steve mind comes back online only not really, apparently because he hefts Danny up slotting between his legs and squeezing his ass even more. Danny lets out

something between a squeak and a moan and Steve absentmindedly wonders how a moan can sound so indignant, but he figures that Danny Williams with his opinions and loud mouth and ass shaped like a dream was perfectly capable of making such a sound.

“What the hell you animal?!” Danny sounds breathless and hoarse and the look he gives Steve is full of something dark and untamed.

Steve blinks, glances at their joined bodies and promptly kisses the living daylights out of his partner completely giving into temptation.

Kono clears her throat and soon after Chin’s voice interrupts them, “boss, the guy went into a nightclub at the end of the street.” He sounds awkward and amused all at once, and Steve hides his nose in the hollow of Danny’s throat trying to stifle a groan.

He’s not sure how they were able to take down their perp of the day, but they did.

Later that night when Kono teased the hell out of them and Chin grinned looking like he was about to choke his laughter down, Steve takes Danny’s to his place.

He finally gives his full attention to Danny and his ass because that butt, definitely deserved to be worshipped and Steve makes a point to Danny exactly how much he appreciates Danny’s perky bottom.

In the morning when he lies on his back Danny curled by his side snoring softly, Steve realizes with no small amount of sheepishness burning his neck like an active volcano, that he’s a little bit in love with his partner.

And when they go for a round two, Danny moaning and grunting, his hair a complete mess, covering half of his face, Steve wonders what took him so long to come up to this particular conclusion.

Danny slaps him on the ass and threatens him to move faster right this instant effectively shaking him out of his reverie.

Steve leans down, grinning happily and kisses all the sounds right off Danny’s lips.

It’s hot and wet and absolutely perfect.

Danny says his name like a mantra and Steve thinks that he’s completely gone on his partner, after all, perhaps he was the whole time, but he was too stupid to see their relationship for what it was.

Later when Danny makes pancakes wearing Steve’s Navy shirt and his boxers, humming some Bon Jovi song, Steve smiles and thinks ‘I’m finally home.’

Danny turns to him, puts a plate full of fluffy pancakes on the table and kisses his forehead.

“Course you’re, babe.”

And Steve laughs hiding his head in Danny’s stomach.

Home.

He likes the sound of that.

And if he sneaks his arm around Danny's waist and gropes a handful, well who could blame him.

End Notes

Sorry, can't write to save my life unless we're talking essays, in that case, I'm game.

Also, I hate my friends and I swear I won't bet on anything for the rest of my life.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!